THE

Inn-keeper's Complaint;

OR, THE

Country Victuallor's Lamentation for the Dearneſs of *MALT*, Which hinder's their affording their Shot-Flaggons: concluding with a Hope of ſeeing happy Days after this Royal Decent.

To the Tune of, *Let Mary live long.* *Licenſed according to Order.*

Poor Innkeepers now,
all over the nation,
make ſad lamentation;
We cannot allow,
large meaſure of late;
For the Malt here does riſe.
Beſide double Exciſe,
which grieve's us full ſore:
We can't ſell large flaggons,
We can't ſell large flaggons,
as we did before.

Poor Inn-keepers they,
do ſcarce take a penny,
or two-pence of any,
Sometimes in a day,
ſince trading is dead:

For the generous ſoul,
Who did love a full bowl,
great husbands they grow,
Which ruin's our calling, &c.
good people you know.

'Twas happy when we,
had farmers and plowmen,
rich graſiers and yeomen,
Who noble and free,
would call in for ale;
While in mirth they did roar,
We could decently ſcore,
two flaggons for one:
But now they're grown ſaving,
But now they're grown ſaving,
it cannot be done.

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We then could afford,
to keep a good table,
alas! we were able
To bring to the board,
good bacon or beef,
As a relishing bit,
That all day they might fit,
and business ply:
Until their dear noses,
Until their dear noses,
was of a deep dye.

At paying their shot,
we hated all sneaking,
without any speaking,
A come-again-pot,
we'd presently draw:
Which would settle them in,
To their drinking again;
this frequently made,
Among the Inn-keepers,
Among the Inn-keepers,
a delicate trade.

But Malt now is dear,
with taxes and trouble,
it make's the price double,
And therefore I fear,
Inn-keepers will break:
Instead of coin'd plate,
Heavy farthings of late,
does plague us likewise:
While no one collector,
While no one collector,
will take for excise.

In ten or twelve pound,
the Maltster's unwilling,
to take twenty shilling;
He cry's he's not bound,
to take no such sum:
Thus a racket they make,
When 'tis half that we take;
(men down with their dust,)
And if we refuse it,
And if we refuse it,
clearly we must trust.

Though taxes are large,
and silver be scanty,
while farthings are plenty;
Yet still we'll discharge
our duty like men:
Nay, and patiently wait
For a flourishing state,
when William our King,
The Crown of old Lewis,
The Crown of old Lewis,
to England shall bring.

A royal decent,
our monarch is making,
while Lewis is quaking;
Then let us content
ourselves for a while:
We shall see happy days,
Which our spirits will raise,
and give France they're bane,
Then, then, the shot-flaggon,
Then, then, the shot-flaggon,
you shall have again.

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